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IN THIS ISSUE:

Page

FAMILY OF MARY
By The Rev. Paul Callahan, C.Ss.R. 67

PSYCHOLOGY ANSWERS WHY
By Rudolph Allers, M.D., Ph.D. 68

"VARIETY" IN PATNA
By Sister M. Leonie Tummers, S.C.M.M., M.D. 71

MALI—THE CONTEMPLATIVE
By Sister M. Pauline, S.C.M.M., R.N. 73

VITAMINS FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA
By The Rev. Charles L. Meeus 74

TECHNICIAN—OR TROUBLE-SHOOTER?
By Sister Alma Julia, S.C.M.M., M.T., Ph.G. 76

NEWS FROM ABROAD 79

WHEN MOTHERS MEET .....See Back Cover!

ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

CAN ONE BE SURE of his vocation? Does psychology offer any criteria by which to judge of the nature of vocation? Dr. Rudolf Allers of the Catholic University of America presents some of the answers in "Psychology Answers Why." For many years Dr. Allers served at a clinic for nervous diseases in Prague and was for twenty years associated with the department of medical psychology at the University of Vienna. He is the author of several books both in English and in German—among them "Psychology of Character," "The New Psychologies," and "Sex Psychology in Education."

"V" STANDS FOR MANY THINGS—valor, victory, and—VITAMINS! Yes, when you have read "Vitamins for the Lamps of China," you will agree that they are very much needed there! Father Charles Meeus—the author—is the first European ever to be ordained by a Chinese bishop! A Belgian by birth, through zeal for the conversion of the people, he has become "a citizen of China that he might the better draw souls to the one true Church."

MARY—MOTHER OF THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST—is the theme of Father Paul Callahan's reflections on Our Lady. Father Callahan, who is a Redemptorist, is stationed at Mount Saint Alphonsus Seminary, Esopus, New York.

"TECHNICIAN—OR TROUBLE-SHOOTER?"—that is the "dual role" confronting a laboratory technician at Holy Family Hospital. Not all of Sister Alma Julia's "troubles" are "microscopic." Sometimes they run to mice and lizards and frogs—to say nothing of such "small fry" as spiders and flies! And amoebae? Well, they are just taken for granted!

ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING—from an ingrown toe-nail to a severe case of kala-azar—that is what the doctor is expected to cure in Patna! This will not surprise you when you have "toured" our hospital with Sister Leonie Tummers, M.D. via "'Variety' in Patna."

PAINTING UP AN OLD TONGA-HORSE is "all in the day's work" with Sister Bernadette! You will find the story in "News From Home and Abroad."

"WHEN MOTHERS MEET" . . . Do not forget to "look into this" . . . on the back cover!

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SISTER M. LOYOLA, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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Family of Mary

by

The Rev. Paul Callahan, C.Ss.R.

"The Church is coming to life in the souls of men" wrote Romano Guardini, priest of Berlin. More and more, our people are beginning to feel themselves as members of a living body; more and more they are "getting worked up by a social consciousness," more and more confess to "having a social bent." That body, of course, of which they now realize they are members, which gives them their "social bent," can only be for them the Mystical Body of Christ, mankind united in wedlock with the incarnate Son of God. The signs of the new awakening are met with everywhere. Catholic Action and the movement toward the Liturgy are the inevitable overflows of consciousness of membership in Christ's Mystical Body. The world is in a fair way of becoming once more Mystical Body conscious.

But what has all this to do with Mary, the Mother of Christ? Where does Mary fit into the restoration of all things in Christ? Can Mary be put up as a dynamic social force? Or is not this new "Mystical Body consciousness," this fellowship-in-Christ feeling, instead going to place Mary more in the back-ground, lessening her influence as a social force?

Emphatically no!—provided the **complete** doctrine of the Mystical Body is taught. People no longer look wonderingly at us when we call Christ the "Second Adam." They understand how Christ rewon for us what Adam had lost—a share in the life of God. Only one more figure has to be drawn in, and we have the complete picture of the parallel between the fall and its repair. There was a woman standing with Adam, cooperating with him in the fall of the race of men. With the consent of the first Eve our downfall was begun. So too a woman, "the Woman," stood at the side of the second Adam, cooperating with him in the raising up of the race of men. With the consent of the second Eve our restoration was begun. The consent of Mary to become the Mother of the Redeemer was the far-off echo of the consent of Eve to the tempter.

Mary, the new Eve, has an essential and a unique place in Christianity, because it was to Mary that Christ owes the fact that he is son of man. She was associated closely and necessarily with the basic mystery of Christianity, the Incarnation; she is associated closely and necessarily with the continuation of the Incarnation, the Mystical Body of Christ. So our conclusion can only be — Mary is associated closely and necessarily with the restoration of all things in Christ. She cannot be left out of the picture. To omit her would be to distort the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. The Christ of History cannot be understood without Mary, nor can the Christ of Mystery be known without her. It is not mere poetry or sentiment that we call Mary the "Mother of the Mystical Body," that we look to her as the Mother who gave us birth in Christ. Pope Pius X was in no poetic reverie when he wrote (in his encyclical "Ad Diem Illum") "Mary, carrying the Savior within her, may be said to have also carried **all those whose life was contained in the life of the Savior."** The Child whom Mary nourished within her, wrapping layer after layer of flesh about him, was the God-Man, the new head of the race of men. Christ came to be the head of all mankind, whom he summoned to form one body with him, his Mystic Body, the Church. Christ must be conceived of in this way—for it was the reason for his taking flesh in the womb of Mary. If then Mary conceived and nourished within her Christ, the head of the Mystical Body, then she truly conceived and nourished within her the members of the Mystical Body. "In the same holy bosom of His most chaste Mother, Christ took to Himself flesh, and united to Himself the spiritual body formed by those who were to believe in Him." (ibid) The consent of Mary to be the Mother of the Redeemer was at the same time the consent to be the Mother of the redeemed.

This is the real reason, then, why we, the redeemed, can call Mary by the name that Christ the Redeemer called her — Mother. This is the tie which binds us to her. It is not only that Christ gave Mary to us and us to Mary before He died on Calvary, so that He would not leave us orphans. That

(Continued on Page 78)

The coming of Christ through Mary was God putting Himself under an obligation to God. The Incarnation put us into relations with God the Son and the Father. And at the same time it put the human race into the same charmed circle of relations. That is the reason why, one day on the mountain-top, Jesus taught us to say "Our Father" and another day, on another mountain-top, His dying lips taught us to say "Our Mother." — Father Vincent McNabb, O.P.

Psychology Answers Why

by

RUDOLPH ALLERS, M.D., PH.D.

"Can psychology provide any indications which might be useful to the individual who wants to be sure of his vocation . . .? Something, perhaps, may be said."

It is never easy to determine the nature and the conditions of any vocation whatsoever. Aptitude tests tell us whether or not an individual will presumably be able to do, in a satisfactory manner, a task allotted to him. They do not tell us whether he has a true vocation. While the question of vocation plays a subordinate rôle in many forms of work, it becomes of decisive importance in all those forms of activity which are supposed to fill a person's life, demand, besides certain aptitudes, a definite attitude on the part of the whole person, and entail peculiar moral qualities, enabling the individual to make sacrifices, to sustain hardships, to follow unswervingly the path once chosen towards a final goal.

This amounts to saying that the possession of all aptitudes necessary for satisfactory or even successful achievement is not sufficient when used as a criterion of vocation. Nor is, on the other hand, inclination such a criterion. Experience has taught many, to their discomfiture, that even passionate inclination is no guarantee for capacity, achievement, and persistence. Apparently, all objective and subjective criteria are missing by which to recognize true vocation.

Many, probably, do quite good work, although they may have no vocation in the strict sense of the term. Many, for instance, become physicians because of one reason or the other, reasons which have little to do with the "spirit of medicine," or the desire to be of assistance to suffering man, or the hope of advancing knowledge. Nonetheless, many of these people become good physicians—some of them even against their will. First they feel bad—they really do not want to be a practitioner, but gradually the thing gets hold of them; they cannot help submitting to the influence of their work; they are transformed into something they neither wanted nor dreamt ever to be.

However, there is a certain risk. Some of those who reluctantly become physicians never develop so far as to be really good, or even of average capacity. They go on with their work, because they do not know anything else to do. They have to earn their living. But they fret, they are unhappy, or they become indifferent, doing their chores in a mechanical manner. Such a man is as much a burden to himself, as he is a danger to society.

The same unfortunate state may develop even if there was originally a definite inclination, and even if this inclination was complemented by capacity. Inclination may vanish, for instance, if success is not attained as quickly or as thoroughly as the beginner imagined. Inclination also may simply die out, not being rooted sufficiently in the depths of personality. Misfortunes, private difficulties, all sorts of factors may destroy inclination. Furthermore, there is mistaken inclination which, in truth, does not envision the essentials but is attracted by some more or less accidental feature.

If this is true of the vocation for the medical profession, it is true in a still higher sense for any religious vocation. And it becomes doubly true if these two vocations have to be combined.

How is anyone to be sure of his own vocation, or of the vocation of another whom he has to judge or to advise? The psychologist is not entitled to refer to any but natural factors. He cannot consider the supernatural certitude an individual may feel, nor the gift for "distinguishing spirits" which is a special grace accorded to some few. Saints, like St. Filippo Neri or Le Curé d'Ars needed no psychology and had not to look out for tests or criteria on which to base their opinions. The average person, however, is very much in need of such helps. Can psychology provide any indications which might be useful to the individual who wants to be sure of his vocation, or the examiner who has to make the final decision? Something, perhaps, may be said.

It is a common belief that a true vocation excludes all doubt and that he who doubts probably has no true vocation. Although this may be true in many cases, it is not an absolutely reliable criterion. The more seriously an individual takes his vocation, the more will he be inclined to doubt it. He realizes fully his own limitations and, at the same time, the task he purposes to undertake. A person who is little aware of the actual nature of the task may be free from doubts, and prove a failure. Decisions of great importance demand deliberation; deliberation means that the arguments in favor and those against be given full consideration; the individual has to realize with perfect clarity both sides, and as long as this deliberation lasts, there is the state of doubt.

Vocation, and not only religious vocation, implies sacrifice. The physician has to know that his life will be one of sacrifice, however successful he may be. He has to devote so much time, so much effort, so much concentration to his work that many other sides of life have to be given up. A famous surgeon once remarked that a physician ought to stay a bachelor; if he marries, either his work or his family will suffer. One need not go so far, perhaps; but there is some truth in this saying. The same is true of other professions.

On the other hand, this narrowing of life, this restricting personality to the work and exclusively to the work, is not without some danger. The physician is not a mere technician, nor a pure scientist. His relation to the patient is of a personal nature, and can be established only if the physician is a fully alive person. But personality may shrink and shrivel by restriction to one field only.

This danger exists also in regard to religious vocation, especially if it be of a type demanding more than a purely religious or contemplative life. Religion indeed amplifies, more than anything else, personality. But a person in religious orders who has to do work of a non-religious nature must remain a personality alive to the many facts and problems connected with his work.

The g r o w i n g specialization, which is characteristic of modern times, has brought about the general conviction that there is the need of onesidedness and "concentration." This opinion is, however generally accepted, questionable. Many forms of work and activity demand more than special knowledge and technique. They demand a whole and wholesome personality. A physician deals not primarily with "cases," but with living persons. As a scientist, the physician may look at "a case of," but as a helper of suffering mankind he sees this man, Peter, afflicted by—for example—pneumonia. And Peter's pneumonia is not quite the pneumonia of Paul, and it has not the same importance in the lives of either of them. They react not in the same way; they live not under the same conditions. It is a very different attitude whether one takes account of these differences with the mind of a scientist and statistician, or with the mind of a human person attending the wants of another person.

But to assume this attitude, one has to be a personality, that is, one has to be allowed and to allow oneself the unfolding of personality. Exaggerated specialization is apt to hinder this unfolding.

Envisioning a future task and asking oneself whether or not one has the true vocation means, therefore, more than merely realizing the formal aspect of the work one eventually will be called to do. One must realize the whole situation and its manifold varieties.

A full knowledge of what is demanded by the kind of work one envisions is, accordingly, the first condition for finding out about one's vocation. Vocation may have its roots in layers so deep that its origin and nature cannot be fully grasped by reason. But reason ought to be listened to always. It is reason, after all, which provides the only guiding light in life and work, and even in morals. If not able to fathom, reason at least is able to enlighten vocation.

But reason is often not considered. Liking, interest, passion get the upperhand. It is probably a criterion of true vocation when a person is willing to listen to reason's voice although the voices of passionate desire, of violent attraction, the alluring magic of a life of sacrifice and heroism may try to drown the other voice. Vocation is by far not recognized by emotional response. Emotion is valuable, as a reinforcing power. But the aims of will have to be envisioned in the clear and hard light of reason.

The vision of reason concerns not only the task itself, but also its relation to other things. It is but rarely that man sees only one way. The instances of persons who knew, absolutely and with evi-

Blessed Martin de Porres—
Help us
To till the soil of our souls,
To plow it well and make good ground,
Wherein to plant the Word of God—
That it may grow in us and bring forth fruit,
According to His Will.

dence, that there was only one thing for them on earth are not frequent, and those in which these persons were right are still less numerous. Many have believed to follow the light of reason who were led astray by the gleam of passion.

One has, to follow one's vocation, to know not only what one is going to do, but also what one is giving up. Sacrifice of goods we never realized or understood is no true sacrifice. Only when we give away what we know and appreciate, we are making truly a sacrifice. Also, the things sacrificed must be within our reach. The average man does not make any sacrifice if he decides to become a salesman, a physician, a carpenter, or what not, and renounces becoming a ruler of his people, because he has neither the capacity nor the chance of becoming such a ruler. An individual who withdraws from the world because he is disappointed or disgusted does not make a true sacrifice, because he is not giving up anything he appreciates. Getting rid of what one loathes is no sacrifice.

Thus, clarity of vision and comprehensive understanding may be considered a criterion of vocation. Another criterion may be found in a knowledge of one's limitations. It is, of course, no vocation in the strict sense, if someone decides for a task because it appears to him the second best and he despairs of ever achieving what he would like best. However, there might well be a vocation objectively, and a man might be destined to do just the thing chosen only because of the impossibility of the other thing.

Subjective certainty and inclination need not run parallel to objective capacity and vocation. Therefore, an honest consideration of one's gifts is as necessary as is an equally honest acknowledgment of one's limitations.

Many people lack the opportunity of becoming fully acquainted with the nature of the task which attracts them or which is offered to them, or they lack the power of imagination to represent clearly to themselves what life awaits them. Hence, the necessity of probation. It may result in a growing understanding and increasing attraction—it may result also in dislike. Probation may show that a person is truly suited for the task, or it may show that he is not. Suited or not, he is bound to meet failure. We never proceed otherwise than by "trial and error." Only by making mistakes we make progress. Learning consists in doing, in the very imperfect manner we are able to muster, things one cannot do, and thus coming to know how to do them.

The readier an individual is to put up with failures, the greater the probability that his is a true vocation. Of course, there are also mere stubbornness and vanity. But conscientious self-examination and careful observation on the part of those in charge will generally discover the true nature of the attitude displayed.

We would know more about the criteria of vocation if we understood better the latter's nature. Again, it must be emphasized that all considerations of supernatural factors have to be left out by the psychologist. He acknowledges their existence and efficacy, but he is neither able nor entitled to analyze them. Among the natural factors, there is first the quite mysterious knowledge we may have of the conformity of our capacities and of a task proposed to us. We may never have done anything like this task, and nonetheless "feel" that it suits our nature and that we are able to cope with it. No doubt that we may be thoroughly mistaken; but the judgment is right astonishingly often, that is, if the mind is not deluded by vanity and the wanton belief that we can perform any task whatsoever.

Secondly, there is the equally mysterious idea of being destined or called for just this kind of work. This impression is compatible with dislike of the work. Some have rather reluctantly and after great inner struggle submitted to such an "inner voice," which is not at all always supernatural in nature. Here too, many fallacies are possible, and self deception plays a fateful rôle.

In both regards we may rely on our ideas the more, the less they are dependent on and fashioned by emotions. On the other hand, love and enthusiasm for a definite kind of work may do much to compensate even initial defects of ability. True though this is, one had better not trust these emotional factors too far. They are apt to become ineffective sooner or later in most cases, if no noticeable progress is attained.

Clear decision and an unshakable will are preferable to glowing enthusiasm and keen interest. Vagueness and blurred vision are as dangerous as is fickleness of will. It is especially important to see clearly in regard to one's misgivings. The easy way by which many comfort themselves — and sometimes are comforted by others —that these obstacles, inhibitions, reluctances "will pass away"—is shallow and unprofitable. It is much better to start with a clear notion of what attracts and what repulses.

Neither religious vocation nor the call one may feel to the work of a physician, a nurse, or anything of this kind, is basically emotional in nature. Emotions are valuable only if they are justified by reason. As there is wrong joy be-

(Continued on Page 78)

Come,
Holy Ghost,
Fill the hearts
of Thy faithful,
And enkindle in them
The fire
of Thy love.

"Variety" in Patna

by

Sister M. Leonie Tummers, S.C.M.M., M.D.

"Here in India 'variety and plenty of it' seems to be a by-word for diseases too." You will be convinced after you have "made the rounds" of Holy Family Hospital in Patna!

" 'Variety is the spice of life'—so they say. Well, just a few months' experience in our hospital in Patna has shown me that it is much more than the 'spice of life.' Here in India 'variety and plenty of it' seems to be a by-word for diseases too. And just to prove it—how about 'making the rounds' with me this morning? When you have visited about seven or eight cases, I am pretty sure you will be quite convinced!

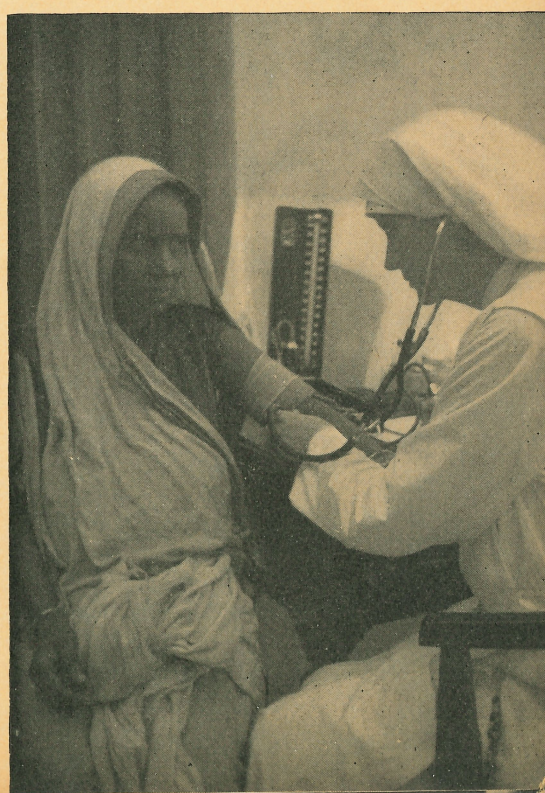
"To begin with—let us reverse the usual order of 'women and children first' and start our tour with the men's ward—five beds in all if you please! Over there in the far corner is Ram Chundra, a boy of about fifteen, who is just recovering from a severe typhoid with positive Widal and all. The little fellow next to him hails from Father Miller's mission. His is also a typhoid case—but one complicated by a stubbornness you never met before. Father says: 'If he makes up his mind not to die, you cannot kill him!' His fever was protracted, so we were forced to resort to tube-feeding in order to supply him with the required number of calories. He just simply refused to eat or drink, and nobody in the whole place could make him. How is that for a good case of stubbornness!

"Hello there, Sam Babu. How are you this morning? It won't be very long before you will be out flying that handsome kite Father brought you the other day. But don't you go and catch any more 'bugs' now—for an eight-year old, you are entirely too much of a 'bug-catcher' already. You see, Sam Babu managed to scrape up a first-hand acquaintance with three of the most expensive diseases in India—kala-azar, beriberi, and pneumonia. His spleen was so enlarged that it extended almost to his iliac crest, and there was so much fluid in his lungs, in his pericardium—everywhere! But he is much better now, though he still retains positive kala-azar in his blood. I have great hopes that he will be running about again soon.

"And now for the women's quarters. Our Indian women are grand—so long-suffering and cheerful in spite of everything. Take, for example, the case of Nirmila. She is the patient over to the left there. Would you ever imagine that she is only forty-five? True, she looks almost eighty—but that is because there is not much left of her but skin and bones. She suffers a great deal from abdominal pain and is full of amoebae—cancer plus amoebiasis—but no matter what happens to her, you can wager she will keep on 'smiling through.'

"And this is Piari—that is Hindi for 'loved one'—a beautiful name, isn't it? She had quite a time coming to us! You see, Piari lives in one of the villages where she had been attended by one of the native 'dhais' or midwives. When the ministrations of this old 'granny' seemed to have no effect, she was brought to us only as a last resort. You can imagine her exhaustion when she finally arrived at the hospital. Traveling for fifteen miles in a 'palkey' over the rough, rutted roads we have here is no joke! But a few hours' rest and a few minims of pituitrin did her a lot of good—and now she is the happy mother of a beautiful baby boy. Both of the 'patients' are doing well—and is the father proud of his brand new son!

"Good morning, Karem. How are



"Blood pressure — normal?" Sister Leonie Tummers, M.D., will soon find out.

you today? Karem is only fifteen years old and has been married for some three months. Up to now, we have been unable to diagnose her case—but, according to her mother-in-law, her chief complaint is being 'queer in the head.' All her symptoms suggest hysteria—not so very uncommon among many of the Indian women. Poor Karem! She is as shy as they make them—too scared to say even a word—much less give a coherent story of her troubles! But gradually she seems to be getting somewhat used to us, so perhaps in a short time we will be able to persuade her to talk.

"The bed which has been taken apart had been put in extra to accommodate a surgical case—a gastro-enterostomy for cancer of the stomach. She just went home after an uneventful recovery—that is, it was 'uneventful' in that nothing serious evolved! But you should have seen the trouble we had with relatives and food! I believe half the population in Patna must have been connected in some way or other with her family tree, and there was certainly no danger of her going hungry! Each and every one of her cousins, nieces, sister-in-laws and so on insisted on bringing her something to eat! These 'get-well' offerings ranged from oranges and Indian 'sweets' to rice and the 'shoe-leather' variety 'chappatties' (flat cakes made from flour and water). The third day after the operation, when Sister Pauline came to bring the patient some of the fruit juices which had been specially ordered for her, she triumphantly produced an over-ripe orange from underneath the bedclothes. And the very next day, Sister arrived on the scene just in time to prevent her from 'making inroads' on a mound of rice and some of those same 'chappatties.' We could not quite decide which aspect of the case provided the most difficulty—the operation, the relatives, or the food!

"When Fazl Jan, who is smiling at us from over in the bed near the window, came to the hospital, everyone had just about given her up. Her temperature was mounting sky-high—106 and still going up! Her people had removed her from another hospital because they had been told she could not possibly live. (That is not an uncommon occurrence; relatives sometimes do the same to us.) She also had pneumonic consolidations and cyanosis and held her arms in spastic contractions — showing various other signs of central nervous system involvement. We put her on sulfapyridine (frightfully expensive here) and quinine by injection. The next evening her temperature was normal, and the nervous symptoms gradually cleared up. She is much better now and is beginning to laugh and talk again. You should have seen how thrilled she was yesterday, when she was able to get out of bed for the first time! She was beaming all over—and displayed quite a bit of 'pep'—even though she was still a trifle 'weak in the knees.'

"Our 'tour' would not be complete without a visit to the nursery. This is the place where we can use cod-liver oil 'ad infinitum'—for so many of the little Indian babies have ricketts. We always have a few newly borns, left behind by uninterested parents or by mothers who are too ill to take proper care of them. Do you see that tiny little mite over there with the spindly arms and legs? That is Sultani who came to us just about a week ago. Believe it or not—he is already two years old and weighs only ten pounds! And he is not the only one. There are many more little 'Sultanis' just like him—tiny parcels of skin and bones—but positively enormous reasons for needing quantities of cod-liver oil!

"Do you wonder, then, when we say we find 'variety and plenty of it' in our hospital? We are expected to cure anything from a severe case of kala-azar to an infected toe! Just the other day I had to perform a bit of minor surgery on an in-grown toe nail. And about three weeks ago I fixed up a young man's mouth for his wedding day. He had a very bad abscess with three decayed roots and looked as though he were permanently indulging in one of those enormous, all-day 'jaw-breakers.' Anyway—I extracted the troublesome molar, and the 'countenance' was quite all right for the wedding!"

Arrival—by "palkey"—at the hospital in Patna.

Mali --- the Contemplative

by

Sister M. Pauline, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Sometimes I thinks,

Sometimes I sits and thinks,

Sometimes I just sits.

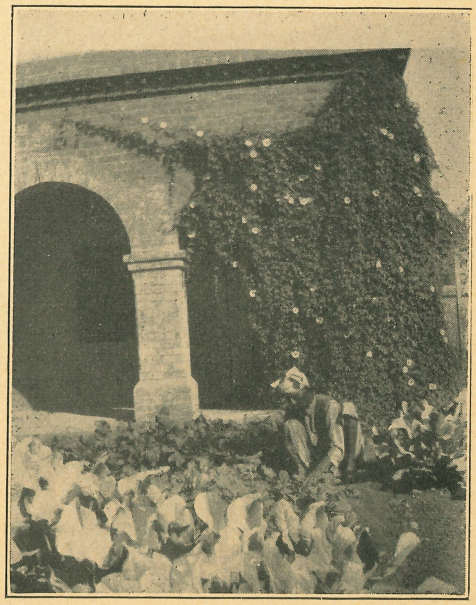
This short verse seems to fit our mali (gardener) to the letter! If there is one occupation he seems to enjoy, it is to sit among his flower beds and just contemplate their beauty—a garden trowel in one hand and his mouth constantly chewing pan—red pan. He usually has a companion in his early morning and afternoon reveries, for our night "chaukidar" (watchman) is really a mali by caste and so helps the "chief mali" during the day, when he is not sleeping.

The gardeners are a particular caste, and their costume consists of a short tight-fitting vest and a white cloth about five yards in length, which is draped about the body and very ingeniously tucked up during any strenuous work or real gardening. After the day's work this cloth or "dhoti" as it is called, is just wet with water and slapped against the side of a large stone and spread out to dry. In cooler weather mali wears a bright green, short vest embroidered in gold. He has all his hair cut off, except for one tail about four and a half inches long which hangs down the back. Mali always has a smile on his face when you ask him anything, and really he is very pleasant.

He seems to have countless "bhais" (cousins), and if ordered to do any work which might task his energy, such as digging a patch of ground, he always seems to have three or four other malis to help him at a moment's notice. It is really rather fascinating at times to watch these men and see how "leisurely" they work—it is an art impossible, I believe, for a westerner, but by far the wisest in the long run in this land where one's strength is taxed to the utmost by heat, disease, and lack of proper food either because of religious customs or poverty.

The English, of course, are famous for their beautiful gardens, and they have brought this love of flowers to India with them. Wherever you see a bungalow occupied by English residents, there is always an exquisite garden beside it or surrounding it. All the old favorites seem to grow beautifully here—tall, colorful hollyhocks, scented stock, all types of poppies, snap-dragons, wall-flowers and countless others. The roses are always perfectly lovely in their season, which is usually March and April here in the Punjab, and fragrant violets cluster around the base of trees, first appearing about the early days of February. Mali has built little mud canals all through the garden plots for irrigation, and every morning and evening he waters the flowers, using two kerosene tins swung from a strong pole across his shoulders. When it rains, of course, he is very, very happy!

To cut up the ground into different shapes and sizes of beds and plant a different kind of flower in each is the mali's chief art work. When all are in bloom there is a riot of color which seems to blend beautifully in the bright sunshine. He loves his flowers, and it is an unwritten law that no one is to cut any flowers but himself! Last year he had some very choice chrysanthemums, and when the sisters would ask him for a few for the chapel he would cut only six at a time and no more! You see—enough must be left to make a good showing—and for him to contemplate!



"Mali" — in a "contemplative mood"

itamins for the Lamps of China

by

The Rev. Charles L. Meeus

December 17—For days the Chinese village band has been rehearsing, and my ears have grown accustomed by now to the one and only tune that is arduously being squeezed out of the very depths of the instruments. It is not monotonous, though, because it is good old "Tipperary" they are practising, and the effect is quite classical, except for a rather mystifying and most gregorian "amen" which, for some reason or other, has been added to the finale.

December 18—I am still in retreat—and the band is still rehearsing. On the 22nd I will be ordained to the priesthood by my beloved Bishop, the Most Reverend Simon Tsu, S.J. How I thank the divine wisdom of the Holy Father's decision when he consecrated Bishop Tsu in 1926.

December 22—Ordination Day—The Church was packed this morning. Mr. Mao, the sacristan, had dug most generously into his supply of home-made candles, and there was the added luminosity of one bright, single electric bulb shining from its socket—a tribute from Father Chang, the teacher of physics, who had engineered this wonder. There were the other "lamps of China" around the altar—thirty priests, all Chinese, who imposed their hands on me.

As I lay prostrate during the Litanies, flat on the earthen floor of our little "Cathedral," close to the good earth of China, the country which I had received as a testimony from the Master of the Vineyard, I prayed and thanked Almighty God. I thanked Him for the great honor He was bestowing on a poor little Flanders boy in allowing him to be the first white man ever to be ordained by a Chinese bishop—one who had been chosen by the Vicar of Christ to be the very first of his race to become the successor of the Apostles in the Orient.

I thought of all the missionaries who had labored so long to make this possible—of the martyrs of China, of old Father Yu, the blind Chinese priest who had taught me theology. I thought of my fellow seminarians, of all the Chinese who are growing up in years and wisdom to swell the ranks of the Church in China, where today not even one percent of the people are Catholic. In our own vicariate there are only thirty priests to serve 35,000 scattered Catholics and to convert 5,000,000 others to the True Faith.

Then—after the seminarians had finished the Litanies—just as I rose to place my hands in those of my Bishop and pledge obedience to him and his successors, from the rear of the church came a crashing and a booming—drowning out the organ and chant! There was a mighty roar of thirty cymbals, bugles and drums triumphantly playing—"Tipperary!" The good Bishop looked up—I pleaded with both eyes—his grip tightened just a little on my hands—the ceremony went on unhampered. Majestically "Tipperary" wound up with the appropriate "amen," and once more the liturgical chant of the Universal Church was heard echoing in our little "Cathedral" of Mao-Kia-Cheng. It was all over! Now I was a real "Sheng-Foo!"

December 23—My first Mass—my very first Mass—was a funeral. A seminarian, a boy of fifteen who had coached me through the first years of my adaptation to the Chinese manner of life, died from one of those only too numerous cases of anemia which succumb so abruptly to typhoid or flu. Never will the brave boy who had given up so much to join the ranks of the militant clergy of China be able to offer the Holy Sacrifice to his Eternal Father in petition for the conversion of his native land. Never will he be privileged to pray his Holy Office for the Universal Church or to bring Viaticum to the sick or wounded of his beloved country. No—for death has suddenly cut short the aspirations of another of China's youthful followers of Christ!

* * *

On that day—by the little red-earth grave—I made a resolution. I decided that, cost what may, I would work out a plan whereby there would be no more funerals for little seminarians of fifteen, or

for young priests of twenty-three who die from lack of proper medical attention and food.

The native clergy in China has a great role to play in the Church. Not only will she find among them the apostles who will bring Christ to one quarter of mankind—but missionaries will go forth from their ranks to teach other nations —following the example set for them by their own European and American missionaries of today. Even now in France there is a Chinese priest ministering to the French people in the "Banlieue Rouge" or "Red Suburbs" of Paris. In Chicago there is a Chinese priest of great valor working among the Chinese-Americans of that city.

But—before the native clergy of the Republic of China can become strong and numerous and capable of exerting the magnificent and God-given ardor they possess so amply—one very practical problem must be considered. I would like to insist on the fact that the Chinese seminarians are—most of them—sadly lacking in those essential foods and vitamins without which it is impossible for them to give the full volume of their zeal and inborn talent to their priestly work.

When John Nepomucenus Wang entered the seminary, he had been brought up at home on an insufficient diet. Had he been sent to the fields to grow rice or peanuts, the open-air life would have made him resistant enough to pull through and even to carry the burden of the day without much trouble to his health. But he chose to do something very different. He chose to settle down to his desk and books and face twelve years of the hardest work there is for a boy—to study!

His Bishop—as all missionary bishops—was poor, but he managed to feed him on a solid diet of rice, fish, eggs and even meat. But it was not enough. John needed more than that—so he grew weak, as do so many, and one day he was taken to the infirmary where he was given a few grains of quinine or aspirin, with which he forgot his fever and went back to his Latin, his English, and his Chinese books.

Had he been given a nutritious diet, my friend would not have died, and the Church would have one more priest. And had Father Chang, and Father Lee, and Father Soong, who today in China are old men at thirty-three, been given proper nourishment, their work would be intensified and even doubled.

PATRON OF MISSIONARIES, PRAY FOR THE CHINESE PRIESTS.

Work is hard for a priest in China. Distances are great; the climate is trying; wars and other troubles make his life sometimes a nightmare.

There are many solutions to this problem. In Cincinnati the "Divi Thomas Institute" has discovered a formula of vitamins which can do wonders. But where is the Chinese bishop who can afford the cost? After all he needs all the money he can find to feed refugees, build schools, pay the catechists, and so on. Then there is an elegant solution discovered by one of our Boy Scouts—that bull frogs be imported to China. They would rid the rice fields of the mosquito larvae and, after having performed that duty, find themselves in the frying pan—thus providing rich food for the people whom they have ridden of the mosquitoes which transmit so much malaria.

May Our Lady of China, who has always blessed the clergy of this republic, inspire many generous souls to become instrumental in safeguarding the health of the Chinese priests, sisters and seminarians. May she pray for the 3,000 native priests of China, bless the zeal of the 30 native bishops, comfort the 5,000 Chinese seminarians. May she—the Seat of Wisdom—bless the newly established School of Theology at the National Catholic University of Peking, and all the other seminaries so dear to the Holy Father. And may the Mother of Mercy have compassion on her seminarians, that they may preserve that health, the minimum of which is so essential for their work.

And then, often and more often, may "Tipperary" ring out even during ordinations or just after them, when pagan China will have discovered the jubilation there is for a people to count many—very many—among her sons, shining as lamps on the mountain top, interceding in the name of the brave Republic of China before the throne of the Almighty for the salvation of one fourth of the human race—and all the rest of mankind.

Sister Bernadette—"on the trail" of "some beautiful, wiggly amoebae"

Technician - - - or Trouble-shooter?

by

Sister Alma Julia, S.C.M.M., M.T., Ph.G.

"More than microscopic" are the problems of a laboratory technician in our pioneer mission hospital in Pindi.

Perhaps someone, somewhere, can advise me on how to deal with the various "pets" which visit our hospital laboratory. But first I must tell you just what the laboratory is. In India they use the English accent—that is, they accent the second syllable. I still talk "American," but I understand what they mean when they say "laboratory."

Well, to go on with my description—in Holy Family Hospital there is one room which is known as the chart room. It is the chart room, general utility room, supply room, linen room and information bureau all thrown together! Here most of the nursing staff is congregated half the morning fixing douches, dressing trays, pouring out medicines, charting, and so on. If you can manage to "navigate" your way through this room — skillfully dodging trays and avoiding stepping on toes—you come to an alcove where you will find a still which is going most of the time. The water is distilled for all operating room purposes and for various other uses in the hospital. The still and the equipment for the different analytical procedures take up one whole section, and there are counters and shelves along most of the three remaining sides. Piles of charts and various odds and ends—hot water bottles, etc.—along with a centrifuge and doorway, occupy another side. Along the third wall there is a counter with drawers underneath. A small wall cupboard and the door to another room take up the remaining side. This is used for the "dhobi" (laundryman), and when the linen is returned from the wash it is piled on the counters and the two available stools to be counted and put away. It is also used for dressing and occasional small treatments, and sometimes, when the chart desk is otherwise occupied, the charting is done there too. It has a lot more "uses." Incidentally—it is also called the "laboratory," as the microscope has the monopoly on one corner of the counter near the wall cupboard. Laboratory equipment, glassware, and stains, etc., are stored in the cupboards and the drawers underneath the counters.

One of the main indoor sports of the technician is to steer herself around all the "obstacles" and salvage two feet of counter when any test happens to be ordered. After much patient negotiation for something to sit on—I finally had a special stool made for myself, and warned everybody it was a matter for excommunication if this was not available for me when I wanted it! Now I don't scruple at all to remove a dozen blankets or three dozen sheets from my "perch" and park them elsewhere when I want to use it.

When I do sit at the microscope and stick my feet under the counter, the mosquitoes just love to bite at my ankles—they seem to have a daytime parking space in the dark there. Once, when I first came out here, I was in the habit of brushing away the cobwebs in an attempt to sort of "tidy up." But I have given that up now—and so I let the spiders "have their way." Result—the mosquitoes bother me less often. I never had a spider bite me yet—so that possibility does not worry me in the least.

The wall cupboard is the place where I keep what I want safest together with the supplies which the dampness might damage. It is always fairly clean—that is—it is dry, and the spiders act as a sort of "patrol" to keep the other insects away. But the drawers of the counter are not of much use as the still runs over periodically, and then everything is wet or mouldy. It is all right for test tubes, dust-rags, and some few odds and ends which the wet cannot harm. In the

cupboards under the counter, on one and a half sides, is all the extra stock, glassware, funnels, records, etc. That place is a nightmare to me! I mean—it would be if I bothered about it! For a while there it was infested with frogs! I am still quite in the dark about their origin, but there they were. I would clean out every nook and corner, line all the cupboards with newspapers, clean out all the funnels, flasks, beakers, burettes and so on, and replace them. Lo and behold—a few days later muddy stuff was sprinkled all over the place, and goggly-eyed frogs would peek at me from every side. I cleaned again, sprinkled formaldehyle, phenyl, anything. But no use! The same thing happened again. I forgot about the frogs for a few weeks, until one day I decided to investigate. This time the cupboards were not very clean, but the frogs had disappeared. And so I cleaned again. A week later I went to look for some test-tubes or something—and what did I find —mice! The card-board boxes containing pipettes were all chewed up into a nice little "mouse-nest!" Once more I swept and scrubbed, put in fresh newspapers and fumigated. I also set a trap—but these mice were pretty clever and refused to be caught. When I came back from Murree I investigated to see if there was anything left of the glassware. This time there were no mice, but lizards had set up housekeeping and were having a grand and glorious time knocking down beakers and investigating pipettes. Right then and there I decided that I preferred lizards to mice and frogs—so I simply shut the doors and told them to make themselves at home. But alas—they did not accept the invitation, and now the mice are back again!

I know what I could do—I mean to get rid of the pests. I could sprinkle liberally with gasoline and apply a lighted match. That would be the easiest way out—"out," for the pests, anyway—but then, where could I store my remaining pipettes and beakers?

As far as persistent annoyance is concerned though, the ants and flies "take the prize." You see, I do not have to open that particular cupboard except at rare intervals. But every time I sit at the microscope and become absorbed in a graceful amoeba the ants crawl up my sleeves and the flies buzz about my ears and the mosquitoes nip at my ankles. Me? ? ? Well—I just offer it up.

Once some inspectors came around the hospital, and all the linen was put away, and all the charts were in the chart desk, and the microscope was given a place in the light, and the stool was right there in front of it. Doctor Lalinsky ushered them in and announced—"This is the laboratory." It was quite thrilling!

But just wait! I have grand hopes of designing the dispensary and laboratory and a few other things associated—in our new hospital! That is really something to look forward to. In the meantime I have heaps of fun in this one. Sometimes I have some beautiful, wiggly amoebae on a slide—and then I call out to the nurses, "Want to see some live amoebae?" And they flutter around and "Oh" and "Ah" and compare them with the picture in the book.

So, you see, in the technician's career "discovery" does compensate for some of the "bug troubles." After all, the future brings its prospects, and perhaps one of these will contain a solution to the "animal situation" in the Pindi laboratory!

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rev. John B. Holland, Weymouth, Mass.

Sister M. Richard, Holy Cross, Indiana

Sister M. Marguerite, Holy Cross, Indiana

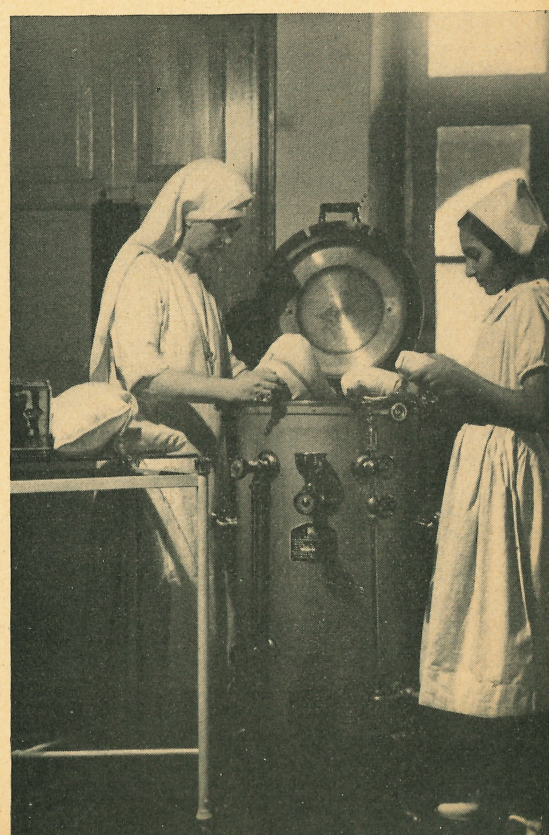
Sister Mary of St. Boniface, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Elizabeth Carroll, Harrisburg, Pa.

Mrs. Edward P. Hinkel, Washington, D. C.

May their souls and all the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace. Amen.

It is not from the sword that deliverance comes to the nations. The sword cannot bring peace; it can only impose terms of peace. The forces, the influences that are to renew the face of the earth, must spring from men's hearts. —Pope Pius XII



Sister Margaret Mary instructs one of the native nurses in the use of the sterilizer.

(Continued from Page 70)

cause of the misfortune of another, so there are all kinds of wrong emotions. An emotion, however pleasant, highstrung, or what not, has its justification by that which arouses the emotion and by the veracity in experiencing it. Both external cause and internal experience can be ascertained in their true nature only by conscientious and assiduous use of reason.

Man is liable also to make mistakes when he has employed all means he has at his disposal. Not even reason may tell us with absolute certainty whether or not ours is a true vocation. There is a risk to be taken in all great decisions. Somehow life must be lived as an adventure.

St. Thomas Aquinas says that all sin is against true reason and therefore against the law of God. This statement may be generalized into a rule asserting that the decision of reason has to have the greatest weight in all our actions. Reason must, of course, consider inclination and capacity, circumstances and motivations, hopes and misgivings, as well as objective facts.

Even when guided by reason we may fall prey to error. But we may also trust that ultimately these same errors will be to our best advantage. However, this confidence ought not and cannot spare us the responsibility of personal decision. We must act as if everything depended on us alone, and know at the same time that on us depends truly nothing. These words of St. Ignatius of Loyola deserve consideration. They are in fact the only rule to be followed.

Reason, however much its role has been emphasized here, is not the only thing. There is love. But love without reason is in danger to be led astray. Reason without love is of little efficacy. Both together are insuperable.

Loving the task the nature of which one understands, and understanding the kind of life one lovingly chooses, this is probably all that can be said of the nature of vocation.

(Continued from Page 67)

fact does mean a tremendous lot. But it was only the confirmation of something that took place long years before; it was the public recognition that Mary had become the Mother of the Body when she became the Mother of the Head. For the roots of our closeness to Mary go deep down into the mystery of our redemption. Christ Our Brother is the **first-born** of **many** brothers—and the Mother of us all is Mary.

Along with the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of all men in Christ must go hand in hand the doctrine of the universal sonship of all in Mary, for the two cannot be separated, either in teaching or in practise. This is the **complete** picture of the Mystical Body of Christ that is the one and only dynamic social force of the world; the doctrine and the living out of the doctrine will once more restore all things in Christ, until the time when He Himself shall surrender all things to the Father.

Missionaries in China and India will teach their people that Our Lady of India is Our Lady of China. With her too, as with Christ, there is neither Jew nor Gentile, nor free nor slave, nor Hindu nor Brahmin. All are her children alike, because all are brothers of her **first-born** Son, no matter what country they call their own, no matter what color their skin or what their tongue. "Her sons shall come from afar, and her daughters shall rise up at her side."

In our efforts to honor our Mother worthily, may we not have fallen into the sad mistake of placing her at a distance from us, as we did long ago with her Son? We have made her too remote from our earth of flesh and blood. Karl Adam graphically pictures what happened to our ideas on the position of Christ as our go-between between God and man as a result of over-emphasis. He pictured Christ as the "Pontifex," the "Bridge Builder" between God and man standing as it were midway between the two acting as their go-between. But "now Christ no longer stands by man's side as the representative and advocate of mankind . . . He has, so to speak, crossed over, and is now by God's side, and Himself is the awful and unapproachable God. He has become infinitely remote from men . . ."

We did not choose Our Lady to be our mother. Like all the organization of the Church, she is God's choice and gift to us. —Father Vincent McNabb, O.P.

We have done the same thing to the Mother of all the living, Mary the new Eve. In our love for her, oddly enough, we have made her almost remote from us. No longer is she the tender Mother of flesh and blood whose heart aches for us, her sons and daughters. No longer is she the Mother whose embrace we can almost feel about our shoulders.

A priest-friend once wrote some lines on our Mother's coronation which, though theologically a bit fanciful, still express a tremendous truth. Mary, exalted though she be as the tall Queen in cloth of gold at the side of her Son, the King, has a homesickness for the fields of earth where her children need her. I presume his permission to repeat the lines:

". . . Not sadness filled her eyes,
but pity,
And what evoked her turning was
compassion.
Up through the roving heaven
that clothed the world
With drift of star and moon
(whose globe complete
Upheld the quiet splendor of her
feet)
The wailing of a broken heart was
hurled . . .

But still she bowed the burning
gems, and cried,
And all the angels looked at one
another.
While faintly drifted from the
world where she had died
The helpless, weary cry of "Mother."

NEWS from HOME and ABROAD

Sister Damien faithfully followed up those "first impressions" she sent us a couple of months ago. Here are just a few of her latest:

Last week three of us—Sisters

As I am writing this, Sister Hedwig and I are sitting outside. It is a nice bright and sunny day—not at all chilly, though the weather has been quite cold here. When we look over to the right of us, we are face to face with a large wall, all plastered up with "gobar" (cow dung). One of the Indian women is taking some home with her for fuel. Away off in the distance we have a lovely view of the mountains. Sometimes on clear bright days we can even see the snowy caps many, many miles miles away.

Alma, Nicola, and myself—took a little bicycle trip over to our new property for the future Holy Family Hospital. It is even closer to the mountains than the present site, and the view is really very beautiful. A watchman with his wife and little children are living there and look after the place. He is quite a character and takes great pride in his enormous red beard which signifies to all the world that he has accomplished the aim of every Mohammedan—that is, he has made the great pilgrimage to Mecca!

While we were there we visited his little daughter who was very ill with malaria. She was lying on a small "charpoy" (string bed) in the yard in front of the house. Sister Alma examined her, and as we had brought no medicine with us, we told the father to come to the hospital for some. Her mother refused to believe we had none, until finally I turned our bag inside out to show that it was really empty. When she saw this she laughed and thought our empty bag was quite a joke.

News from Dacca has been a bit scarce the last few months, but the "post" came through the other day with the following notes from Sister Vincent:

Here we are in the midst of air-raid precautions. Our lights are all shaded, and the street lights are switched off at one A.M.—so that it is really quite spookey going to early Mass these mornings.

Speaking of "what's in a name"—an amusing little incident happened to us the other day. One of the sisters wanted clothes pins, so when the "mali" (servant) went into town she commissioned him to buy some. Upon his return he looked the picture of despair and said he had tried and tried to locate them in every shop in the city, but no one seemed to have any. Yesterday we happened to go shopping ourselves—and as we were in a store which apparently sold everything from "soup to nuts" we asked the proprietor if he had any clothespins for sale. He answered very politely: "No, madam." Just then I spied a row of men's socks, baby bonnets, etc. all hung up by none other than the very much sought after clothespins! Of course I pointed them out and inquired where I could buy some. He said he had plenty and would be glad to sell them. We bought three dozen, and when we asked what he called them, he answered—wooden pins. It is as simple as all that. So, you see, it is true that you can get anything you want, if you know how to ask for it!

Sister Elise Wijnen, M.D., who is stationed at Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, sent us the following story of Sister Bernadette and the tonga-horse:

One day an old "tonga-wallah" (driver)—a friend of the hospital since way back when—walked into the dispensary and asked for some medicine to put on sores. "All right," said Sister, "but where is the patient?" "Oh, outside," he replied nonchalantly. "Bring her in," said Sister Bernadette. At that the man started to laugh, but he went out and returned a few minutes later, saying: "He is standing at the door, Sister." And so he was—an aged, decrepit, once-white tonga-horse! The next thing we knew, Sister Bernadette and the tonga-driver were crawling around on hands and knees painting up the horse's sores with bright red mercurochrome. You can imagine he looked a sight when they finished! But Sister thought nothing of it—it is all in the day's work with her!

At home — always "ready for more" on our farm in Fox Chase!

When Mothers Meet - - -

When mothers meet at Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi they smile with joy and hope.

But—all the women of the Orient are not so fortunate as the smiling mothers in the picture!

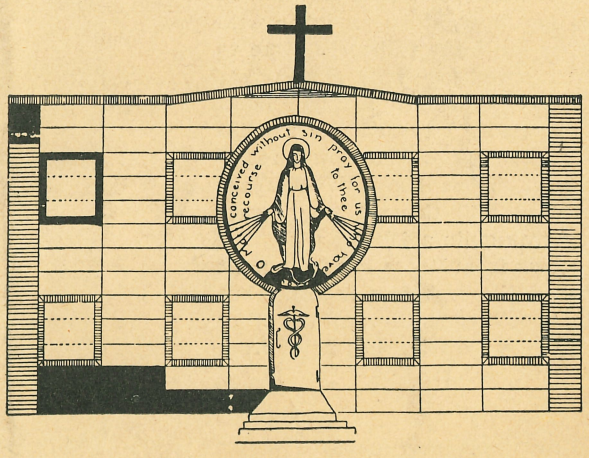
The number of women in India EXCEEDS the ENTIRE population of the United States by MORE THAN FIFTY MILLION!

In the Punjab alone there are over EIGHT MILLION WOMEN—and our present 60-bed Holy Family Hospital is the ONLY CATHOLIC HOSPITAL available to them!

Surely we Catholics want to give them more! A 100-bed hospital in Pindi is our aim!

YOUR COOPERATION IS NEEDED TO MAKE THIS AIM COME TRUE!

We ask your help
To help the sick!
Won't you answer
With a "blacked-in brick?"



FORM OF BEQUEST

"I give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $..... for its general purposes."